#### SEPARATION.

JESSIE F. O'DONNELL. Dear, tender hands! that somewhere on Ged's

Seem cold and empty, barred from clasp of

mine: O hands that would have clung to me in dearth Of other help-my hands have need of thine Strong hands! that would have helped me in

my need. That pever would have thrust me careless

Kind hands! I know that many a loving deed Would cheer my weary day, were you but

nigh. Sometimes I dream, dear hands, that once again

The magic of your touch may thrill my heart; The joy of meeting exercise my pain

E'en though again our lonely paths should No more? Would not the clasp of hands un

lock The silent portals of the lips, and words-Passionate words, so long repressed-then flock

To speech-as breaks the dawn with song and birds! Ah, dear! I could not bear it. Sundered wide

Our paths still He. Why should we try to reach

Across the gulf; why let the pent-up tide Of silent years break forth in useless speech And so, I pray, dear hands, that touch of thine

Shall ne'er, before sweet Death's triumph ant hour, With soft caress touch cheek or hand of mine

Until I lie too cold for passion's power. Then once, just once, dear hands, when min-

And stir not at your coming, gently take The frozen fingers in your living hold, An instant, clasp them for the old troth's

THE GUARDIAN'S TROUBLE.

"If only Dorothy might like Bidde ford-And Martin Lorford paced his library

back and forth pevishly, his whiteslen-der hands thrust behind him now and again, the supple tingers twirling restlessly one over the other, a curious bunch of wrinkles gathered on his unusually placid brow.
"I'll be hanged if I like to coerce

the child, it seems a heartless, soulless way to provide for her-marrying her to a man double her own age, because of h's bank account and a ponderous. great house, with antiquated sideboards, phose carved legs are a score of years older than Dolly.

"Girls at Dorothy's age never know particularly what they do want," said Martin Lorford's old friend, adviser and housekeeper, Jane Bowles, turning the heel of the gray stocking she had knitted on every night for ten years, at least, so it seemed to the master of the "Crofts," doubtless because Mrs. from an enchanted wheel, since there

was no giving out to it.

At the age of eighteen, Dorothy Lyme stood as much in need of sober counsel and staid wisdom as many another young woman; but Dorothy had a way of thinking her own thoughts and formwere et some. Even good Mrs. Bowles, the only mether Dorothy had ever known, called her strange, "a regular heretic, unlike most girls, who are addle headed until twenty, but generally settle down after that as solemn and proper as pos-

Dorothy, left very early by her father her last surviving parent, to the care and trust of his friend, Martin Lorford, had been sent away to a school among other girls—a shy and very plain chia, with a startled look in the deep black eyes and a sobriety painful to contemplate in one of her age.

Yet Dorothy was not without a will of her own, which she entertained one day, after a stay of six years, scarcely interrupted by the usual visits and holidays, by "coming home," as she called it, to the grim old house, so beautiful me the wrong business. We can as to astonish even those who held out never get anywhere with this." as to astonish even those who held out that there was a promise of something rare, and declaring that she never mean to go back to the dull routine again, and that, if she was found lacking in anything essential, her guardian should

And so Dorothy had lived on, thinking her own thoughts, dreaming her own dreams, and conjaring up such fancies as come to such imaginative how you make it. If you've got young women situated as Dorothy was.

This calm, uneventual existence could not continue on through countless "Why," fluttered Mrs. Spoopendyke, ing her own thoughts, dreaming her own dreams, and conjuring up such

years. Not that either of these happy people longed for er required change, but change comes fast enough, all the same, be the fact pleasant or other-

The change appeared first in Martin. Jane noticed it after a little time, and spoke of it, then Dorothy, who kept

be his wife at last, Dorothy, and meant

"Shouldn't you?" And Dorothy looked placidly from the window. "Why not? Mr. Lorford was not a New, you let me figure this thing if man to do things hurriedly, and she was you don't want to spend the balance of certain that his choice would prove an your precious life on the road." excellent one after all this time.'

a man of forty had no right to make a can make it out if anybody can " fool of himself, whatever others might influence over master and man at the Buffalo twice." "Crofts," should discourage her guar-dian from bringing home a mistress, where she had been sole arbiter for so many years. Dorothy touched the mat-thumb and foreinger on the margin of

"Jane is at heart a good woman, and would have made an honest man a don't you think so, dear?" and she wife," Martin had said.

wife," Martin had said.

"Jane's lot was rather hard on her," he had continued, touching the little brown hand, which lay within his reach half caressingly. "Robert Bowles, the only man she ever loved, was killed suddenly while on horseback one day a month before the day set for their mar. month before the day set for their mar-risgs. She mourned for him as a wife catcher and a schedule of cut rats, I'm should, and finally called herself by his name among us here, thoughout in the world she is simply Jane Denham."

"Poer Jane!"

"There it is!" exclaimed Mrs. Spoop-"Poer Jane!"

And tender-hearted Dorothy went hat night and cried softly on the bousekeeper s pillow as she slept, smoothing out the lint white locks—white long before they should have been, in the natcourse of thinking of how she should have died in such a case at

Jane's buoyant spirit had indeed been quite killed; she was never to be the ame, but we cannot die when we wish and we must go on for our allotted time, drinking ten and wearing cotton gowns, as she would say.

She had fallen into a way of looking for trouble beforehand-after the manner of many good people, walking over the clover and primroses of life, searching out thistles and wormwood, growing of times in out of the way places.

The idea of a misiress at the "Crofts," was one which had, on very many occasions, woeffully disturbed Jane, and brought a great number of ferebodings and apprehensions. She was willing and ready to go back to the untenanted house at Stonesboro, any day; she had been born there; all the Denhams for a great many years had died there, and it was no doubt the proper thing that she should follow heir respectable example. No; Mrs. Bowles, out of the bounty of the Lor-fords with whom she had passed the

dependence any time; it was not for herself she felt a dread of the change she foresaw; there was Dorothy. It was high time Dorothy thought of securing a home for herself. She would never stand the ways of such a woman

as Martin Lorford would fancy-

greater part of her life, enjoyed a little

competency which would save her from

never! Thinking all this, and making a dreadful deal out of very little. Jane went into the library with her yarn and gray stocking to get at the truth, or to force Martin to say in what way in meant to dispose of his ward, as, of course, no one could doubt this right, save perhaps Dolly kerself, who was headstrong enough, but who seemed to have very little thought as to her fu-

Mrs. Bowles had spoken strongly in favor of the richest man in the country around, the more aptly because he had dined at the 'Crofts,' —quite by accident—very often of late, and appeared greatly impressed with Miss Lyme, who played the hostess charmingly. Hiram Biddeford was not so old as

o ask me to marry him. "Meaning—me?"
"Meaning just you."

Presently, when Dolly had smoothed er collar, and recovered her breath-"It was cruel of you to force me to such things, but I was afraid you would marry me off in spite of myself, next.' "And you think you can learn to love me, Dorothy? O, if, if you should

Dolly declared it no great hardship since she had thrived wonderfully or

Which meant that she had learned

ver so long ago.

Another disappearance—the shiny hair by this time quite in a tangle.

Martin went with a radient, albeit ashamed face, to Jane, who let fall a shamed face, to Jane, who let fall a "She knew it all along, designing thing, no doubt."

"Don't call names, Janie, because i is me," said Dolly, putting her head down on the lavender ribbons, in her

caressing way.
"Well, the Lord be praised; and, there. I don't often kiss folks, but I just

can't help it, I'm so glad." And poor Jane left her yarn to the mercies of Dolly's white kitten, and went away to have a hearty cry, for the target cartridges, and it kills them what she hardly knew, only that she somehow thought as plainly of Robert as if the grass had not grown above him

for thirty years.

Martin relinquished all idea of dyin as Dolly said that Doctor Ledyard w a great "ninny," and, of course, Dolly knew everything.

# Studying the Time-Table.

Brooklyn Eagle.
"My dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke. running his thumb down the list of towns on the time-table and glaring helplesely at the column of figures, "my dear, the man must have given

"Let's see," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke, laying her hand on his arm and drawing the time-table toward her. "There's Boston Lv. and Albany Ar. 2:30 to 2:40. That's plain enough."
"It is, is it?" snorted Mr. Spoopendyke, abandoning the table and bend-

"you just add 'em together. Ought's ought, four and three's seven, eight and two's ten, put down the ought and car-

"Carry swill to the hogs!" roared Spoopendyke, bracing himself in his seat and surveying his wife with mark-ed disapprobation. "That's about as silent, wondering.

"I shouldn't be surprised if your interest has Lv. and Ar. got in this guardian had settled on some woman to thing? Got some kind of a notion that they own the road, haven't ye? P'raps to bring her before we knew it, you and | ye think one's a tunnel and the other's a bridge. Well, they ain't, and they 're not half-baked females who don't know a time-table from a dog law.

"A man may take his own time, and Spoopendyke, nestling up to her husnot be a full twenty years about it, band and glancing around the car to either," said Jane dryly, meaning that see if he had been overheard. "You

"Now, we started New from York at do, or he would himself have done 10:30 a. m., "continued Mr. Spoopentwenty years before, which is considerdyke," and we got to Buffalo at 12:15 ably stronger argument en the side of logic than sentiment. Fearing that Bulfalo at 12:35 and 12:40 for Chicago. Mrs. Bowles, who wielded immense What I want to know is, why we leave

ter delicately, with gloves on, and the time table with a death grip "wondered what could have turned so "May be the engine leaves at 12:35 and good a woman as Jane from pleasant the last car at 12:40," she added, as ways, and soured her against all man- the new explanation occurred to her. Anyhow it is better to get away from

endyke, flushing with another discov ery. "I've got it now! Of course we've got to leave twice!" and Mrs. ery. Spoopendyke settled herself back and regarded the table with much com-

placency. "Oh, you've got it," reared Spoon endyke! "This railroad is twin-Leaves everywhere twice and get everywhere twice! Nobody would have even found it out but you! All you want now is a misplaced switch and a coroner's inquest to be a through trunk line! Can't you see that's tw different trains that get in here at 7:40? S'pose they only run one train on this dod gasted road? Got a notion that futures and stocks, and so on, and the train goes both ways at the same time? I know all about this as well and part of us think it no sin. I have as you do, but what I want to understand is how this train leaves Buffalo twice. Got it now? Think you've fathomed my design on this timetable

Perhaps there are two different trains out of Buffalo," hazarded Mrs.

Speopendyke.
Mr. Spoopendyke deliberately tore
the time-table into a thousand pieces. dropped them carefully under the seat buried his hands in his pockets and gazed out of the window.

"I don't care," soliloquized Mrs Spoopendyke. There can't two trains arrive anywhere, without leaving somewhere, anyhow, and I suppose we'd get to Chicago just as well i we didn't understand about this Buffalo sifair."

With which consoling reflection,
Mrs. Spoopendyke settled herself in

her seat and gave herself up to con sidering how that girl on the other side of the aisle would act if she knew how much her laughing and loud talking with her escort offended the more vir tuous-minded of her sex.

### Rat Catching.

A professional rat catcher was recently interviewed in New York with the tollowing result:

"How do you clear a house of rats?" "if the house has a soft cellar floor I can get the rats out, but I can't keep them out. If it has a hard foundation, I hunt out all the holes leading from the sewers and stop them up with sand and cement. That prevents any more from getting in and those in the house. from escaping. You see a rat is always on the move. He is never still, but goes from the sewer to the house and back again very often. Having made the cellar tight, I find the run-ways by which the rats go from one floor to another. These are generally along lead pipes in the walls. A rat will run up a lead pipe as easy as walk along the floor. You can see the marks of their feet on the runway. I nail a small square piece of tin over the runway and I grease the outside.

slips down when he comes to it. "if I can't get at the runways I find the holes, and fix this wire door on it. You see, it is made of four pieces of short wire laid parallel, held together by crossbars, and sharpened at the ends. This is suspended at the top over a rat hole. Coming from the hole a rat can easily lift it up and get through, but he can't go back, as the be led into one roem in the basement. There they are securely caught, as they cannot possibly get out. I go among them with a dark lantern and pick them up with my tongs. I can catch them as quickly as a cat would mouse. If they get in places where I can't reach them I shoot them with this long target pistol. I use these litvery time.

When rats get in ceilings I smother their out with cayenne pepper. I have a fumigator here which works like an air pump. I burn red pepper in it and pump it into the ceiling. The rate can't stand that, and they get out as fast as they can. This is better than a ferret, as ferrets are expensive and the rats often kill them. Ferrets are scary hings to handle. If they bite you once you have to pry their jaws open. When I want to catch rats for dogs I set traps. First I remove everything out of their way, so that they will get very hungry. Then I set the traps. Then I have another way to catch them. wear rubber shoes into a slaughter house at night and carry a dark lantern. I move softly about and catch the rats with the tongs before they have a chance to get away. In this way I have caught 103 rats in two hours and a-half. If you ever get bitten by a rat, put the wound in hot water and make it bleed. Then bathe it with arnica or spirits of turpen-

### If He Ever Loses His Grip on Grace He'll go for Him.

Drake's Magazine.
"If it hadr't been for my Sunday chool class I'd have broken his back! muttered Joe Fairburn to a fellow-pas-senger on the train from Westfield, New "It would have prejudiced my moral influence on the infant mind or I'd have given the infernal regions a hypodermic injection of him!" "What did he do?" asked the friend. "Do! Dum him!" snorted Mr. Fair-

burn. "Look here; that man knew had been trying to get a servant girl for four months, and finally I hocked one, took her out on the train with me, and we sat right behind the doggoned cuspidor. Up he tunes to a friend of his about small-pox at Westfield." " I hear there were four deaths yes-

terday,' said he.
"'Did you leave your mother well?" asked the girl, hoping to distract her "Somebody told me six,' said his

friend. "This is all my property.' I observed to the girl, pointing out the meadows to her. Last year I raised a million acres of chewing gum on that prairie. "Somebody tells me that Joe Fair burn lost three servant girls by the dis ease,' the sneak thief went on.

"And next year I'm going to plant herring and see if I can't raise shad,' I told her in desperation.
"Faith, I think you'd better plant a
few despensaries and raise hospitals," said she, and at the last station she left

the train. Couldn't hold her with a dog-collar and an ox-chain. She was scared out by the small-pox lie, and she left on foot, dum burst him! His family owes me a dollar for being a Chris-

"Haven't you got a servant girl yet?" asked his friend.

"Oh, I've got one," grunted Mr. Fairburn. "I've got one, but I had to pack her in a shawi-strap and walk out home with her. Bust him! If I ever backslide and lose my grip on grace he'll feel like a doctor's bill in a bank-"There it is!" exclaimed Mrs. Spoop- ruptcy proceeding, now you hear me!"

And then Mr. Fairburn changed the subject to the preceding Sunday's ser-mon, and wanted to know if his friend really thought that Nebuchadnezzar ate grass or whether the grass might not have been a figure of speech for dough-

#### Nothing Wicked in Stocks. Wall St. News.

One of the good deacons, of which the state of Massachusetts boasts entered the office of a Boston broker a few days ago and explained:

"You see some of the members appointed a sort of delegate to come down and investigate, and see where-in the evil lies. Will you please ex-

"Certainly — certainly. Suppose, now, you contract to deliver 20,000 bushels of July wheat at \$1.15 per "Yes."

"When the day of delivery comes whea; is worth only \$1 per bushel. You therefore clear 15 cents per bush d, or \$3,000 on the transaction

"Why, I see no sin in that."
"Of course not. You take the \$3 000 and buy 100,000 pounds of cotton at nine cents. On the day of delivery cotton is worth twelve cents. You therefore clear another \$3,000, pay the mortgage on your farm, lend to your neighbor at 14 per cent. and rest peace fully in your old see.

"I swan to gracious! Is that what they call wicked?" exclaimed the good man, as he rose up. "Wall now, I want to get to Heaven as bad as the nextone, but if our church has anything more to say about stocks and futures, I believe I'll withdraw and jine the shouting Methodists!'

Conditions of Health-giving Esercise.

Popular Science Monthly for June The summer air of the highland makes out-door life a luxury, but the chief advantage of the plan is this: The stimulus of a pleasant pastime enables a man to beguile himself into about ten times as much exercise as he could stand in the Turner-hall. The visitors of a hygienic gymnasium take their turn at the horrizontal bar as they would swallow the drugs of a publidispensary: they know that it is a tesser evil, they know that the road to Styx is the alternative, they intend to come every day, but the intolerable tedium of the crank-word exercise soon shakes that resolution. The metive for exertion is too abstract; it lacks the charm of progressiveness and the stimulus of a proximate, tangible, and visible purpose. The sham competition of a regiment of invalids under the command of a turn-mast: does not much sweeten the bitter broth; it is still crank-work minus the club of the jailer, and nine out of ten hygenic gymnasis will soon find or make a pretext for discontinuing their visits. How many out of a hundred pupils of a young ladies' seminary would dream of performing their "cahisthenics" at home? They would as soon walk on all-fours, or ride on a dry clothes-line. But arrange a Mayday pienic in the mountains, and they will neat a kid in climbing up the vines for nour sengetier. ... wild orange

It is likewise certain that fatigues can be far better borne if the body is not encumbe ed with a surplus of calorific clothes. A pair of linen trovsers, a flannel hunting shirt, and a loose neck tie, make the most hygicnic summer dress. In the afternoon remove the necktie and roll up the shirt-sleeves it can do no harm to imbibe fresh air by all available means, and let the cutaneous lungs share in the luxury. Nor is there any excuse for the wide spread fallacy that it is dangerous, even in the most sweltering nights, to remove the bed-blankets. Kick them into the farthest corner if they become too warm, and sleep in your shirt and drawers, or under a linen bed-sheet. Half-naked lazzaroni sleep the year round on the stone terrace of the Moseo Borbonico and outlive the asthmatic burghers in their sweat-box dormitories. The body effects part of its breathing through the pores. Painting a man yellow ochre and copal varnish would kill him as surely as hanging him by the neck. The confined air be stratum of heavy blankets gets gradually surcharged with carbonic acidin warm weather even to the verge of the saturation-point. The perspiration is thus forced back upon the body; and the lungs-perhaps already weakened by disease-have to do double work.

# What Children Read.

Prof. Greenwood, of Kansas Ci y Mo., has spent eight months in examin-ing 1371 boys and 1506 girls in order to ascertsin the character of the books and papers they were in the habit of reading. His report, a summary of which is forcished by the Philadelphia Amercan, is startling:

He found that 30 per cent. of the books read were fiction, nearly 11 per cent. travels and adventures, 8½ per cent. history, 9½ per cent. blography, per cent. scientific, 2 per cent. litera ture and essays, nearly 12 per cent poetry, 8 per cent miscellaneous, and 11 per cent. "trash."

Upon inquiry, it was also found that 432 pupils had read one or more copies of a flashy "sporting" paper published in New York city; in other words, that one pupil out of every five was either a constant or an occasional reader of that

In 57 schoolrooms pupils were found who read it; in nine rooms no readers.
When questioned, the pupils said they read it because it "had lots about fights and killings in it," and with great unanimity they thought "it ought not to oe sold for children to read it." The report concludes as follows:

"Going through the rooms, I found some children who read no books; others, again, that read only the poorest All were anxious to read. The teachers are only too giad to help them. "Nearly all children that attend school are reached; but who is able to you. reach the waifs and outcasts, and others who do not attend school? Nearly all those who can read select the very lowest class of literature."

Care for the Ear

celebrated Dean Swift whose lifelong sufferings were due to a simple cold multitudes of cases in which the trouble is confined to simple deafness, slight at first and hardly noticed, yet steadily increasing with years. Every Winter thousands lay a foundation for

It is sometimes inflamed by cold air striking continuously on the outside, just behind and below the ear, or pen-etrating the open cavity. Fashion, which sends young children from over-heated rooms into the winds of Winter

responsible for many sad cases.

When there is a 'cold in the head''
(nasal catarrh) the inflammation often extends to the Eustachian tubes (the tubes that convey air to the middle ear), and thence into the ear itself. Sometimes the throa, and back of the mouth (pharvnx) are inflamed, and he inflammation spreadsupwards in the same way. An inflammation is often thus extended from the nostrals to the ear by an improper blowing of the nose. One nostril should be cleared at a time, the other remaining fully

As the results-not noticed for year - may be increasing discomfort for life the ears of the young should occasionlly be examined by a competent phyician. The tendency to deafness may

be checked if taken in time. In the above cases there is a thicken ing which tends to increase with every new cold; or some of the inner inflamed urfaces grow together, and the act or of the ear is interfered with, or the Eustachian tube becomes closed. sometimes the ear-drum is perforated the inflammation giving rise to suppur

The Arkansaw Farmer. A cattle dealer stopped at the house of an Arkansaw small farmer, and call ed to a man who was drawing water with an old fashioned windlass that cried out with an alarming screak at every turn of the crank. "Light!" shouted the drawer

water. The man dismounted and approach ed the well. "I am a cattle buyer, said the man, "and I'd like to talk usiness to you.

"Can't talk business till I give thes steers as much water as they want.
"How long will it take you?" "Blamed if I know. They ain't had no water for two days, and the well's

seventy-five feet deep, and the bucket leaks; now make the calc'lation." "How long have you been drawing?"
"Sence sun up; and they're just as ampant now as they was when I comnenced. I don't 'low to do nothin' else for several days yit, fer by the time one gits 'nough, the other one is

spilin' for some. "Why don't you drive them to the 'Thar ain't no creek in the neighbor

hocd "Why don't you drive them to [the river? "Cos they'd rush in an' drown their selves.

"Why don't you drive them to the pond? "They won't drink that sorter water. "Don't you want to sell them?"

"I would if I had the ole woman consent, an' I think she's willin'. "Where is she?" "She's jes' gittin' reacy to go over to see one of the neighbors."

"You'd better consult her before she leaves. "You don't know that woman like I she's gittin' roady 'tongster her wher. We'll hafter wait till she gits thar.'

"How far is it?" "About nine miles " "I see you don't care to talk busi-

"No, I ain't so powerful keen." "If you'd pay more attention to business you'd live better.' "Don't wanter live no better's I am. Suits me.

"Are you making any attempt to educate your children?" "Yes, an' they're gittin along fine. Jim hit a nigger with a rock yisterday, Bob sassed a jestice of the peace, and Buck ain't sfeered of the devil. That's a mighty good showin', let me tell you; and the windlass screaked and the

steers walled their eyes. "Are all of your children boys?"
"They might have been of it hadn' een fur one thing."
"What was that?"

"One of them was a gal." Where is she now?" "Married to the triflin'est feller I ever seed.

"Well, there's no use fooling with you; good day!" And he turned the crank, muttering to himself: "Nosin' round here tryin' to find out who's got whisky. A man haster be mighty

#### smart these days." A Field Naturalist. St. Nicholas for June.

Forty years ago, a small, brightly spotted turtle was described as living near Philadelphia, and two miserable specimens were sent to Professor Agassiz. It was called Muhlenberg's turtle, and since then not one has been seen until last summer. My friend was al-ways on the lookout, never failing to pick up or turn over every small turtle he met on the meadows or along the creek, and examine whether the marks on its under shell were those of the lost species. Finally, one of the ditest is in the moadows was drained off to be repaired, and there, within a short disance, were picked up six Muhlenberge turtles! If you go to Cambridge, Mass., you can see four of them alive and healthy to day. They could easily have gone out of that ditch into other, diches, and so into the creek; but, it they ever did, they have succeeded for twenty years in escaping some pretty

sharp eyes.
This little incident has a moral for This little incident has a moral for with a sing of the state of the same and the s again. Practice your methods of observation, then, without ceasing. You can not make discoveries in any other way. And the cultivation of the habit will be of inestimable advantage to

This is the merest hint of how, without going away from home, by always keeping his eyes open, a man, or a boy or a girl can study, to the great advantage and enjoyment not only of him-self (or herself), but to the help of all the rest of us. I sheuld like to tell you We do not think that most people the rest of us. I should like to tell you sufficiently realize the importance of how patiently this naturalist watches caring for the ear. In the case of the the ways of the wary birds and small game he loves; how those sunfish and shy darters forget that he is looking taken before his twentieth year, there quietly down through the still water, were ringing in his ears, deafness, and go on with their daily life as he headache, nausea, vertigo or glddiness wants to witness it; how he drifts silentwith a staggering gait. But there are ly at midnight, bid in his toat, close to multitudes of cases in which the timid heron, and sees him strike at

it. The part affected is what is called pair of rare otters, whose noses would not be in sight an instant did they suppose any one was looking at them. But I can not recount all his vigils and ingenious experiments, or the entertaining facts they bring to our knowledge, since my object now is only to give you a suggestion of how much one man may do and learn on a single farm with the ears wholly unprotected, is in the most thickly settled part of the United States.

# Defects of our Marriage and Divorce

conniar Science Monthly for June. Lawful marriage is the basis of the family relation, and the family rela-tion is the fundamental principal of association upon which the superstucture of society and the State is built. And yet there is no contract of the value of twenty dollars, subject to the verdict of a jury or the decision of a court, is so easily avoided and so shamefully dissolved as the contract of marriage. The facts show that the laws and the courts enforce the obligations of a delinquent debtor with more severity than the obligations of this contract upon which the happiness of the family, the morality of society, and the perpetuity of the State de-pend. The marriage contract is of a higher inspiration, and has a broader obligation, than a mere contract for the payment of money, or for the transfer of property, or for co-operasociety is more deeply interested, one by which society is more seriously affeeted; and society has the right to demand that the mutual obligations shall be faithfully kept and lawfully en-

This lack of uniformity in the laws both in their formulation and execu tion, is the result of the diversity of ources fron which they emana o Each State is its own authority, and determines for itself the conditions upon which the marriage relation may e entered into or dissolved; and, per haps, the social and moral sentiment of the people of a State can not be more equitable determined than by ob serving the character and use of its laws governing marriage and divorce; for the various degrees of restriction and laxity in marriage and divorce have marked the progress and decline of all peoples and nations ever since the days when Adam and Eve went out of paradise and Moses wrote the law on Mount Sinai. Several States still retain upon their a atute-books the common-law prohibition of marriage between persons related by consanguinity, or affinity, nearer than the third degree: while other States have progressed to that degree of liberality on the road to individual freedom and universal nappiness which permits person to marry, if not his grand-mother, at least the daughter of his wife by a former husband. So we find that while two persons within cer tain degrees of relationship may law fully marry in one State, they are prohibited from marrying by the laws o another State; and that while a marriage between certain persons is void able only in one State, it is absolutely void under a similar law in another

# The Filter that Jones Made.

Brainerd Tribune. Brainerd citizen of investigating turn ot mind, to Mrs. Jones. "when the waterworks is done, the Mississippi River water 'll hev to be filtered, now, won't

Jones detes on systems of filtration but Mrs. J. does not and she opposed the idea with all her might, for fear Jones would go off and spend money on some new filter. And so Jones went off and improvised a filter out of an old barrel, which he filled with charcoal and Brainerd gravel, and in the night set it up at the corner of the house about where the waterworks pipe would come in. "There," said he; "I'll haul up a little river water, and when it gits soaked through, I'll sur-prise Matildy's stomach with sech a delicious drink as will stop her kickin ag'in my filter ideas." So, after sup-per, he slipped out the back way with the washtub on his sled, and made for the river, and an hour later returned sonking wet with sweat from the long pull in the sand and carefully emptied the tub into the filter. Meanwhile. when Mrs. Jones went to throw out the dish-water, just at dusk, she spied the barrel, and mentally praising Jones for at last getting a slop-barrel, carefully emptied all the house-slops

into it. Jones was still in a sweat when he went to bed, but managed to escape inquiry. Before sunrise he was up and tapped his filter, racking off a quart for the breakfast table, which be produced in a stone bottle as Mrs.

ones sat down. "Matildy, taste o' that," he said. "What is it?"

"That's Mississippi water filtered."
She sampled with a wretched face, and uttered a bad word. It was almost a cuss-word, and Jones nearly lost his temper when she demanded: "Mississippi water? Where from?"
"Our new filter back of the kitchen." "Jones," said she, in a wifely way

with her hand on her apron-front, "you're a fool. I thought that was a slop-barrel.' Jones was nearly sick, but he says he will buy a new filter when the waterworks are done if he has to sell one of his Dakots farms to do it.

#### A Cool Tramp and a Cool Maiden. Elmira Advertiser. A well-known printer's family met

washing), had just been scelen by the min she had turned from the door; the he had taken them all down and do e them up in a bundle before ask-innfor a bite, and lugged them off at his leisure. The two young ladies started in pursuit. At the Southport depot they learned that the bundle and the man went down the railroad. They followed and soon overtook him.

"We want those clothes you stole from us," said the printer's daughter. "H'm! Well, I don't know but you can have 'em," said he, coolly turning over the bundle. "There's a shirt or wrapper missing, said she, after looking over the bundl now what have you done with that?'

"Got it on, said the tramp, open ing his vest to prove it. "Well off with it then," said the plucky maiden.
"What! here?"

The maiden paused in a predica-A gentleman friend was near and

she halled him, telling him about the

The gentleman took the tramp into the bushes near the engine works and got the shir

# A South Atlantic Pass.

The Barilochi Pass, between Chili and tile Argentine territory, which has been recently discovered, had long been searched for, but the astuteness of the Indians in time of peace and the precautions taken by them in time of war have hitherto prevented it becom-ing knewn to Argentines and Chillans. The Jesuits were aware of its existence, and a century and a-half ago unsuc-ce-sfully explored for the entrance to it in all directions, while Pessis, author of the map of Chili, confidently asserted that the easiest route between the Atlantic and Pacific would become known as soon as the Argentines drove the Indians from the plains and mountain. The discovery of this pass places the Pacific within seventy miles, by an easy road, of the extreme western Argentine outpost at Lake Nahuelhaspi, and it will now be possible to construct a railroad from the Gulf of San Matlas Patagonia, on the Atlantic, across the pampas and through this pass to Chili on the Pacific, which will be less than one-half the length of that now in course of completion from Buenos Ayres to Santisgo, via Mandoza. It is difficult to overestimate the value of this discovery, as it will certainly have an immediate effect in promoting the development of the v.s. plains of Southern Argentine and Patagonia, and of the regions which are now being for the first time explored and ned to civilization by Argentine and Chilian soldiers.

## Salmon in the Co umbia.

It is only of late years that it has een know a that salmon in the Columbia or its tributaries would take a bait or fly, many insisting that from the time they entered fresh water they ate nothing, and some averring that none of them ever returned to the sea, but having completed the object of their visit to the spawning bed they died. It has, however, been demonstrated to a certainty that the salmon in the Willamette will take a spoon fly, and on Saturday and Sunday fine sport was had at the falls at Oregon C.ty. On each of the days named about twentyfive salmon were taken. Several persons took eight varying in weight from three or four pounds up to even twenty. A number of fishermen had their rods broken. A Scotch gentlemen, whose trust worthy lanecwood rod had done him good service in many a high-land stream and lock, had it shivered by a oig silver-sides he had made fast to. An Indian caught thirty with a dip-net on Sunday in the swirling

water at the foot of the falls. HOMINY MUFFINS .- Cold hominy may be made into muffins, which are very good, with coffee. Take a cup of flour, two cups of hominy, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a tablespoonful of sugar, one third of a cup of butter and a teaspoonful of salt; mix together and bake in muffin tins.

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